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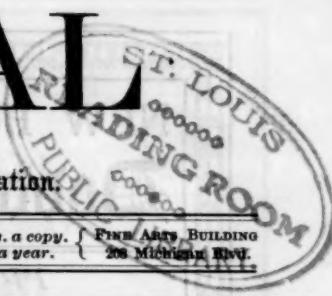
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NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY POETRY.

"I have no ear," wrote Charles Lamb, a confession that might more pertinently, come from certain poets of to-day. The lyric note needed for spiritual consolation after our weary hours of toil seldom reaches us in modern verse. If we wish to dwell in the presence of melody pure and fine, we turn to the older poets; for our present writers seem careless of that which is their great prerogative, the power to enthrall readers by the magic of audible beauty. The disregard for melody in poetry is apparent to those who make it a practice to read poetry aloud, but is often unnoticed by readers who, for their pleasure, depend upon the eye. In this age, when poetry has had a glorious past, when the English tongue has already been shaped to matchless music, we cannot afford to look with tolerance upon poetry that falls far short of technical perfection. The question of musical excellence is to-day more than ever important when prose is usurping public favor. Poetry must know her kingdom; and, since poetry is the transfer of beautiful truth by concrete symbols, communication between unapparent spirits by means of sensuous images, considerations of these sensuous elements of poetry should go hand in hand with criticism of spiritual values. No one of the senses is to be consulted more closely than that of hearing. If we were to read all our poetry aloud, verse would again take its rightful place in human civilization, and be once more what it was in the years before the printing of books took away the voice of poetry. We scorn to be satisfied with mere eye-reading of a piece of music, insisting that it shall be rendered audibly; in only a lesser degree should we be satisfied merely to look at the music of poetry.

If one reads aloud the recent verse of authors of considerable renown, one finds that in almost every poem there is some flaw, some bit of careless workmanship, to mar its beauty.

"Too fair for rude reality,
 Too real for a shade,"

with its intolerable succession of awkwardly placed r's;

"And so at last the poet sang,
 In biting hunger and hard pain,"

where n's are introduced in reckless profusion;

"Momently
 Silence and dissonance, like eating moths,
Scatter corruption on the choirings orbs,"

where both harmony and nature are defied; and

"The woodland weaves its gold-green net;
 The warm wind lazes by;
Can we forego? Can we forget?
 Come, comrade, let us try!"

with its insistent alliteration, — all these betray the hand of the artisan. Turning from these transgressions, one may see how Collins solved the problem of repetition, —

"Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!"

If indifference in the matter of adjusting sounds is the most obvious offense against melody in our current poetry, with it are distinct and frequently censured sins in the matters of rhyme and rhythm. Monotony in rhyme is more deserving of pardon than is false rhyme where the sounds are only approximate in musical echo. "Lover" and "clover" illustrate the common fault, the choice of eye-rhymes, insupportable when pronounced aloud, because they immediately force the reader to unhappy consciousness of mere words when he should follow the idea. Oftentimes a bewildered reader does not know how to pronounce the rhyming words of a poem in which such combinations appear, as in a sonnet whose first four verses end in "stood," "said," "myriad," and "solitude." However much the reader may wish to do justice, orally, to the poem, he cannot tell, until reaching "mood" in the fifth verse, just what generous intonations must be given in order to obliterate the differences between "stood" and "solitude," "said" and "myriad." The disregard for integrity of rhyme is often matched by disregard for integrity of rhythm. A single example will suffice to show what frequently occurs in poems written in blank verse:

"Unto this twain, man-child and woman-child,
I give the passion of this element;

This power, this purity, this annihilation."

There is so little power of invention among poets of the present time, so little originality in versification, that we scarcely ever find impressive beauty wrought out by artful verse forms. Few poets attempt anything more than the iambic movement. No spirit of daring experiment animates contributors to magazines. A correct form has been established, it has found favor, and no man is so hardy as to venture an innovation. If we think of the exuberant measures of the Elizabethan period, we may well condemn ourselves that we cannot say, with George Wither, —

"I have a Muse, and she shall music make me;
Whose airy notes, in spite of closest cages,
Shall give content to me, and after ages."

It is true that iambic verse is best suited to the genius of the English language; but poets have, in the past, found the secret of varied melodies.

"Come away, come away, death,
And in and cypress let me laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it."

or Raleigh's

"But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning,"

show the use of the trochee and of the anapest. It is of course the inward impulse, not any mathematical gift, that produces undeniable melody; yet, after all, "the immortal longings" of the poet may be satisfied if he will take counsel with the Olympians, and also with Nature. There is much to be learned by versifiers from a close scrutiny of elemental music. May not the undulations of waving grass, or the drifting of fallen leaves, or the more majestic beating of the tide, be a guide to subtle rhythmical charm, as the sounds of Nature were to writers such as Spenser, whose work, in portions of "The Faerie Queene" and in the "Prothalamion," is characterized by the melody of one who knew the ripple of running water; or Burns, who in

"Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;"

or in

"Duncan Gray cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!"

gives us much of the rich fulness of bird notes?

In the obvious attractions of color and form, our poets are becoming more and more worthy of admiration. The subdued effect of

"Until some hazy autumn day
With yellow evening in the skies
And rime upon the tawny hills,
The far blue signal smoke shall rise,"

the swift distinctness of

"My soul, like wheeling swallows in the rain,
Flies low — flies low —"

the more ambitious

"A sheaf of broom-flowers, yellow at the heart,
Dragged with the sun and listless with the dew,
The silence of the ordered petal edge
With flame shot through,"

and the intensity of

"Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,
Scarlet acres by the sea,
Burning to the blue above them;
Love, the world is full for me,"

show unquestionable delight in visible beauty. Never before in the history of English poetry have color-words found so large a place as at the present time. An alert consciousness of the sun and sky, and of the waning of color, is noticeable in almost every issue of a magazine. The modern mood is one of increasing keenness of eye, but even yet sensuous perception has not become imaginative in the highest fashion. We have an abundance of descriptive poetry, delicately responsive to the stimulus of varying conditions of nature, and we have an abundance of the poetry of unrelieved reflection; but the interpretation of the ideal in terms of the concrete is very infrequent. Such lines as these are constantly appearing, —

"Stirring my eager soul to some transcendent strife."

Here is truth, but not poetic truth, since no specific imagery forces the idea upon the reader's vital intelligence; he does not see or hear the strife; it is a cold and shapeless warfare, hinted at, rather than projected by picturesque symbols, as in Miss Guiney's

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!"

The imaginative pageantry which embodies high thoughts separates poetry from the bodiless phantom of philosophy. Poetry fires the imagination of the reader by pointing him to familiar sights and experiences as guides to hidden realities. So Vaughan uses the concrete in his well-remembered stanza, —

"I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays,"

or the lines in "The Retreat,"

"felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness,"

and the much-praised lines of Marvell,

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade,"

and Shakespeare's

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date."

While shrinking from objective reality of expression is characteristic of many thoughtful poets, the very opposite fault is sometimes to be observed, — that is, undue lavishness of picture. A certain verbal generosity marks much of the work presented in the current magazines. Few writers have the power of combining thought with outer vision, and so flashing a clear instantaneous light upon a theme. The crystallized suggestiveness of

"All valiant dust that builds on dust,"

or of

"Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow,"

is rare. We have to-day what may be called the peripatetic school of poetry, which insists upon walking all about an object or a dramatic situation, taking notes on every aspect. The result of this method of investigation is an accumulation of phrases such as

"Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony,
Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity,
And the white splendor of these darkened years."

Work like this comes dangerously near being mere lexicography; one waits in vain for the incisive word, the supreme expression of the essential idea.

There is evidence, oftentimes, of a striving for definite imagery; but the effort is defeated by over-comprehensiveness. In the following sonnet the

author has sought vigorously for the circumstantial, and has overwhelmed his readers by crowding pictures so rapidly, by the aid of eleven "ands" and seventeen limiting prepositions, that the effect is blurred, inasmuch as the sonnet, noble in conception, lacks the calm slow movement of finished art.

QUESTIONS.

"Curious of life and love and death they stand
Outward along the shadowy verge of thought;
Rebels and deicides, they rise unsought
And spare no creed and yield to no command.
Even though at last we seem to understand,
Yet, when our eyes grow spher'd to the new light,
We find them, outposts in the forward night,
Their eyes still restless with the same demand.
On all the heights and at the farthest goal
Set by the seers and Christs of yesterday,
They watch and wait and ask the onward way;
They storm the citadels of faith and youth,
And, gazing always for the stars of truth,
 Crowd in the glimmering windows of the soul."

Between these two poles of abstract and of too inclusive concrete, there are many lesser manifestations of defective imaginative power. Not in accordance with human experience is this English observation of the ways of nature:

"Waves of the gentle waters of the healing night,
Flow over me with silent peace and golden dark,
Wash me of sound, wash me of color, down the day;
Light the tall golden candles and put out the day."

Again,

"The wings whereby he strove and climbed,"

is a line troublesome to a reader who must pause to reassure himself of the function of wings. It may be possible to approve the following lines, but one hesitates over the imagery:

"Our road dropped straight as eye can run."

What of the suggestion, partly due to faulty punctuation, of these concluding lines of a poem:

"Groves inaccessible whence voices come,
That call to the ear whither we may not go?"

And what of the anti-climax of image in

"The past, the future, all of weal and woe
In my old life was gone, forever gone.
And still to this I clung as one who clings
To hope's last hencoop in the wreck of things"?

The majority of these ill-conditioned lines owe their disfigurement to the ambition of poets for something new and striking in the way of expression. Simplicity, which is the gauge of clearness, is considered too old-fashioned by poets who have forgotten, or never known, that great poetry is transfiguration of the commonplace. The inordinate search for the unique adjective, the surprising phrase, the spectacular image, makes poetasters of us.

More deplorable than indifference to music or lack of sufficiently concrete expression is disloyalty to the crowding emotions of the world. If we consider the question of the emotional element in the poetry of to-day, we must admit that intellectual perception rather than emotional perception preponderates. There is a vast amount of successful verse, culti-

vated, complacent, without a hint of passionate soul behind. Neither the misery nor the joy of life finds thrilling voice. Poets give us only the fringes of their deep feeling, and deny us knowledge of their good and evil, guarding their existence jealously. If emotion were a matter of premeditation, or if poignant understanding of the great passions of the race were a matter of felicitous choice, the poet might be forgiven his selfish shyness; but as life goes, no one can lay claim to profound emotional individuality. A poet should recognize the fact of his alliance with all humanity, and so become the interpreter of the mysteries of human experience.

There are two very noticeable tendencies in the emotional element of current verse. The old longing to attain some sort of personal recognition appears in the literature of to-day as strongly as ever. Out of the turmoil and friction of human life, some men and women are struggling for an imperishable remembrance. They yearn, as men have always yearned, to be something more than fleeting shadows; they wish to arrest their experience and place it before the world, protesting instinctively against the inevitable indifference of the world toward the mere individual. The self-absorption of this class of authors appears in this representative poem :

"There are so many kinds of me,
Indeed, I cannot say
Just which of many I shall be
On any given day.

"Whence are they — princess, witch, or nun ?
I know not; this I know :
The gravest, gentlest, simplest one
Was buried long ago.

"There, by his hand all covered o'er,
It slumbers, as is fit;
And nothing tells the name it bore,
Or marks the place of it.

"But all the other kinds of me
They know, and turn aside,
And check their laughter soberly
Above the one that died."

Their work reveals the utter impotence of the writers to realize that great art sweeps away all limitations of time and space and petty personal intents, absorbing all things into the combined significance of a thousand lives. The annihilation of self, the erasure of the creature with a surname, must come before fate wills immortality.

While, in the poems below, egotism sinks away in a larger grasp of the eternal, another regrettable impulse is to be noted. The elevation of tone is marked, but so also is the decline of militant spirituality.

"Let me remember that I failed,
So I may not forget
How dear that goal the distance veiled
Toward which my feet were set.

"Let me forget, if so Thy will,
How fair the joy desired,
Dear God, so I remember still
That one day I aspired."

And

"Carry me home to the pine-wood,
Give me to rest by the sea;
Leave me alone with the lulling tone
Of the South-wind's phantasy.

"For I am weary of discord,
Sick of the clash of the strife,
Sick of the bane of this prelude of pain,
And I yearn for the symphony — Life."

In a hundred poems to-day we are constantly told of a tragic past, of distant splendor, of the tears and struggles which are viewed now in melancholy retrospect. These chastened poets show a studied indifference to the illusions of present action, of heroic struggle and triumph in the immediate hour. The ring of battle to-day is only an echo from the distance; the living voice has no imperious annunciation to make of its great joys and sorrows. We need such men and women as can match the grim, exultant courage of Henley's poem, —

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winc'd nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade ;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll :
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Or of Mr. Moody's more hauntingly beautiful song.—

"Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom,
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle horn !
The triumph clear, the silver scorn !
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the grey disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying !"

America has deep need of poetry. Commercial prosperity has not assuaged the griefs that spring from estrangement, or bodily pain, or death. We yearn to know the truths of this too visible universe, the meaning of spiritual defeat, and of all the strange paradoxes that mock our progress; and we need the knowledge as it is spoken by living voices. The conclusions of a former age have power, but the triumphant utterances of the present will bring a more positive solace to those who struggle with conditions

of to-day. It is the plighted vow of our poets to transmute the inner glory of thought into outer glory of beauty; it is their privilege to illuminate with a flash those things which elude our understanding; it is their mission to grapple with the keenest realities of life and with exalted accent forever proclaim the supremacy of spirit over "these rags of clay."

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

PEACE TERMS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

There has been sent me THE DIAL for March 1, 1906, containing a letter from Mr. F. H. Costello, in which occur the following sentences: "What led Great Britain [in 1814] to consent to peace-terms so favorable to us? The answer is: it was the work of our privateers. Even Captain Mahan . . . in part admits this."

Everybody is at liberty to express their opinions, and I can have no quarrel with Mr. Costello for his; but, as he cites me in support of a view which I do not hold, and have not expressed, and as I cannot flatter myself that many readers of THE DIAL will also read my "War of 1812," which affords data for a correct conclusion, it seems expedient to set the matter right.

It must be remembered that, although Great Britain during the preceding ten years had given us abundant cause for war, she did not wish war. It was we who declared war, for two reasons: the injuries to our trade by the Orders in Council, and the British practice of Impression. In the negotiations for peace, Great Britain peremptorily refused even to discuss the questions of compensation for the one, or abandonment of the other. We relinquished both demands. Here there is nothing favorable. We had fought, and lost.

Although Great Britain had not wished war, yet, having incurred it, she thought she might derive profit. To this she was the more encouraged, because the cessation of war in Europe, by Napoleon's abdication in April, 1814, promised at first to release her arms against the United States. She therefore presented two demands. One was the definitive abandonment of a large part of our northwestern territory to the Indians, under her and our joint guarantee; the other, the cession to her of part of the territory of Maine, and of the military use of the Great Lakes. From these she receded; why? Because, as the Duke of Wellington wrote to the ministry, her forces at the moment controlled neither the one nor the other. The Northwest had been freed by Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and the lower Great Lakes region saved by Macdonough's victory on Lake Champlain.

Not having possession, she could not claim. Why, then, not continue the war? Mr. Costello says, Privateering. The inner counsels of the British Government are unusually well known in this matter, because the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who corresponds to our Secretary of State, was during this period absent on the Continent, conducting negotiations. Consequently, consultations between him and his colleagues, ordinarily held in conversation, or around the council board, were carried on by letters. Many of these have been published in the Castlereagh Correspondence. Many have not; but these also I have had opportunity to read.

Nowhere in them do the depredations of our privateers find mention,—I do not mean as a motive to peace, but mention of any kind. Losses by privateers were then an old story to Great Britain. During twenty-one years of war with France, she had lost annually in this way an average of nearly 500 merchant vessels, as I have shown in a former work; while in nearly three years we took from her about 1600, a proportion not greatly exceeding the other. The factor determining her was the fear of a renewal of the European war, owing to disputes between the states that had just overthrown Napoleon; to which contributed the marked disposition of the Czar, then the most powerful Continental ruler, to be influenced in his course by prepossession toward America, which made him so far antagonistic to Great Britain in the existing Congress of Vienna. These conditions disposed Great Britain to get the American quarrel off her hands; but the sole circumstance favorable to us in the terms of peace was that she relinquished claims which could be made good only by further fighting, and this the European conditions made inexpedient.

The importance of this matter, which alone requires my reply, is that such a claim as Mr. Costello makes is but too consonant to our American tendency, to trust to improvised means of war, and is therefore dangerously misleading. Save for the victories of Perry and Macdonough, Great Britain would have held territory, and might have made good her demands. She had to recede from them, not because of privateering, but because on the Lakes our navy was equal to hers, and at times superior. There too, she, trusting to improvised means, came out behind, as we did in our hopeless inferiority on the ocean. Should we again elect a policy which in the future, as then, shall leave us decisively inferior to our maritime competitors, the lesson will be repeated, despite all the privateers that may exist; just as the Southern Confederacy fell, although its cruisers had driven the sailing commerce of the Union from the seas. To say this may be "to belittle our work in the War of 1812," to use Mr. Costello's words; but it is wholesome and necessary truth, none the less.

A. T. MAHAN.

Pau, France, March 28, 1906.

THE AUTHOR OF "HAWAIIAN YESTERDAYS."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In his review of "Hawaiian Yesterdays," by Dr. Henry Munson Lyman, published in your issue of April 1, Mr. Bicknell notes one or two errors. I am impelled to ask you to supplement his review by this word of explanation.

The book in question was arranged after the death of Dr. Lyman, late in 1904, from a memoir he had written as a recreation in the few leisure hours of a most busy life without other thought than that of giving pleasure to his own family—and to a few intimate friends. The preparation of the manuscript for the press was undertaken by one of his daughters as an act of filial piety; and the book necessarily lacked the revision of its author, whose written and spoken English was a life-long delight to his friends.

Mr. Bicknell's hope that the cheerful yesterdays might be followed by confident to-morrows has passed into an article of faith by all who knew this beloved physician,—for wherever high thoughts and gentle deeds and peace and love remain, there he will have found a home.

SARA ANDREW SHAFER.

La Porte, Indiana, April 9, 1906.

The New Books.

THE MASTERLINESS OF MASTERY.*

On taking up Mr. Alonzo Rothschild's handsome volume on "Lincoln, Master of Men," one can hardly help wondering why it should have been thought worth while to devote so large and impressive a book to so obvious and well recognized an aspect of Mr. Lincoln's character and achievements. The book seems to be put forth with an air of novelty, both as to title and treatment,—as though bringing out something very important that had been previously overlooked; whereas there is no good biography of Lincoln that is not itself, apart from the general history of the times that it may contain, the story of his mastery of men. From his youth to the tragic end of his life, he is pictured by every fit biographer as rising from obscurity to wide influence and undying fame through his mastery over the harsh conditions and the strong men that surrounded him. They all tell of his early triumphs of physical strength through which he mastered the Clary's Grove gang and similar lawless spirits, and made them his loyal friends and supporters; of the proof of his leadership shown in his election as a captain in the Black Hawk war; of his legislative career and his rise to the leadership of his party in Illinois; of his rivalry with Douglas, who, though victorious in the early senatorial contest, was vanquished by Lincoln in the struggle for the far greater prize of the Presidency; of his relations as President with the strong men of his cabinet who tried to manage him but found in him a master who managed them, and who was the real, not nominal, head of his administration; and of his trials with incompetent and unsuccessful generals, whom, patient and long-suffering as he was, he did not hesitate to get rid of when their unfitness was apparent or they would not or could not give single-hearted obedience to their commander-in-chief. These are the things to which Mr. Rothschild devotes his book. He has given us nothing new in matter, and his grouping throws no new light on Lincoln's career or character; while the book, with its reiteration of the word, makes no deeper impression of Lincoln's mastery over men than does the plain biography that does not use the word at all. The thing itself pervades the whole career of Lincoln, and frequent mention of it tends rather to irritate the reader than to increase his appreciation of the quality.

* LINCOLN, MASTER OF MEN. A Study in Character. By Alonzo Rothschild. With portraits. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The theme is treated in eight chapters with more or less fanciful titles. "A Samson of the Backwoods" gives an account of Lincoln's early struggles and triumphs; "Love, War, and Politics" carries him to his leadership of the Whig party in Illinois; "Giants, Big and Little" narrates his rivalry with Douglas from their young manhood to the day of Lincoln's great triumph when Douglas held his hat through the inauguration ceremonies; "The Power behind the Throne" is of course Seward, and "An Indispensable Man" is Chase; while "The Curbing of Stanton" conveys an altogether wrong impression of Lincoln's relations with his great war minister; "How the Pathfinder Lost the Trail" tells the story of Frémont and his lamentable failure as general and politician; "The Young Napoleon" is General McClellan, and the story of his failures and of his intimate and often touching personal relations with his superiors is told at length, though of course one-sidedly, as appears in the title, which in itself conveys a sneer. In fact, the book is one-sided throughout,—a piece of special pleading, brilliantly done, but without great historical value. The author has selected the salient points in Lincoln's career and strung his entire treatment of them on this thread of "mastery." He has a real gift for popular historical writing, and has made every chapter interesting, especially to one who already knows enough of the details of Lincoln's life to be able to fit what is here told into its relations with affairs in general. But it must be said that these character studies of Lincoln's rivals cannot be taken as true to life; the treatment is partial and pre-determined, those characteristics and qualities being brought out that are demanded by the author's thesis. The result is in each case,—notably those of Seward and Stanton,—that an altogether false idea is given of these men and their relations with their chief. The impression is left, perhaps without the author's intention, not that they were strong men working heartily together for one great cause, though with frequent differences of opinion, but that the relation was essentially one of rivalry, ending in "mastery" on one side and defeat on the other. Lincoln is made to stand out preëminent, as of course he should; but one cannot get from these studies, elaborate as some of them are, any adequate idea of the greatness of his great cabinet ministers. One who knows well the history of the time can supply this for himself, and to him the chapters are interesting and not without value; but it needs this broader knowledge to keep the reader from distorted ideas of the great

men who held up Lincoln's hands through the trials and struggles of the war.

What has been written thus far, though intended as a fair statement of the plan of the book and the inevitable disadvantages of this plan, would, if no more were said, fail of doing it justice. The author tells his story with zest and force; the book has life, and the material cannot but be interesting, for it deals with the most attractive personality that America has produced and the most exciting and critical period of American history. It abounds with well-chosen anecdotes, and with the interesting personal items that give life to biography. Occasionally the rhetoric is strained through effort to be vivacious in style, but this is not a serious blemish on the work. Its mechanical form is notably excellent, especially the portraits; and there is an abundant apparatus of bibliography, notes, references, and index. The bibliography and citations of authorities are indeed fuller and better than any other that we know. CHARLES H. COOPER.

JAPAN'S ANCIENT RELIGION.*

There is the same danger and the same difficulty in interpreting ancient life in the Sunrise Archipelago, and thus influencing our estimate of the modern Japanese, that pertains to all appraisement of a nation coming into notice from unlettered savagery through a later alien culture. One who studies the Norsemen, or any Christianized people who received their writing with their new religion, must beware of accepting exotic and after-thoughts for primitive conceptions. The official Japanese of to-day would have us believe that the original Mikado-clans in Nippon had much the same ideas about imperialism that are held to-day. The uncritical or average foreign writer knocks all chronology into a cocked hat, and puts nursery and fairy-tale theories in the place of science and progressive development.

Mr. W. G. Aston, in his volume entitled "Shinto, the Way of the Gods," proceeds on a totally different principle. He was one of those young Englishmen who, fresh from the university, set up a literary laboratory in Tokio in 1870, almost as soon as that city received its name. After long residence in the empire, and profound researches in tradition and text, manners and customs, literature and art, Chinese, Japanese, and foreign, he has given in this book

his ripened conclusions. No one is equipped for correct perspective in the study of Japanese who is not measurably familiar with those Chinese texts from which the early Japanese writers (who must needs, out of pride, imitate the great Chinese civilization beyond seas) extracted the rhetorical bombast and gold embroidery with which to adorn their scanty insular traditions. The Kojiki, chiefly a collection of myths, was set down from memory, in Chinese phonetics, in the year 712 A. D. It contains, for the most part, the pure "Japanese" view, with legend and data for partial reconstruction of early Yamato institutional life. The Nihongi, written by islanders who had some Chinese scholarship, re-sets the same primitive legends and fairy-tales (which are accepted by the average Japanese as sober history) in the elaborate apparatus of Chinese cosmogony, philosophy, and rhetoric. The change is as of a picture-frame of unpainted pine to Florentine gilt. Lest we be accused of exaggerating what the modern Japanese would have us believe concerning the antiquity of his "nation" — which had no real existence until the fusion of many tribes of divers ethnic origins after the eighth century, — we note that the honored Count Okuma, once premier and head of the Waseda University, habitually, and even as late as in "The Independent" of January 25, 1906, speaks of "our twenty-five hundred years of *written* history." The italics are ours.

What the islanders of the archipelago, called in comparatively modern times "the Japanese," were before the intellect of the dominant tribe was fertilized by the contact of the Aryan intellect (in the form of Buddhism, an Aryan religion), and also with Chinese ethics, philosophy, and general science, is seen in this masterly book, which is written with fulness, scholarly coolness, and judicial accuracy. Had Mr. Aston chosen to swell his fewer than 400 pages into an encyclopædia, he were well able to do it. But he has been content to tell only what is known of this primitive cult. Shinto had no ancestor-worship, because the islanders had no family life or ancestral system, such as were already elaborated in China. Those who have studied the later history of the God-way well know how the dogmas of the paramount Yamato race were harnessed as steeds to draw the chariot of imperialism. Shinto notions coöperated with the weapons of iron against the men in the stone age, whose primitive mental conceptions were even ruder than those of their conquerors, whose ancestors came from beyond sea — possibly from the Sungari valley in Asia.

* SHINTO, THE WAY OF THE GODS. By W. G. Aston. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Mr. Aston appraises critically the sources for the study of Shinto, showing that the materials in European languages before the later foreign scholars, who studied on the soil of Japan, are very nearly worthless, because they deal with the Buddhaized, or "Riobu," Shinto. He treats further of personification, the deification of men, the functions of the gods, myth and mythical narrative, nature and man deities, the priesthood and worship, morals, law, and ceremonial, closing with a view of those inevitable products of decay that belong to all dying or dead religions. He is strong in showing how "the misunderstanding of metaphorical language is a fertile source of apotheosis," and proves that the deification of the Mikado is a case in point. He is a veritable genius in illustrating the works of desolation that the stupid man in religion has everywhere wrought. Notwithstanding the over-praise of the Japanese, the stupid man is frightfully in evidence in this island country, which is so much "the land of the gods" that it has over eighty million deities, with a census of demons and spirits whose figures would stagger calculation. From the spell of these "gods," the average Japanese is as yet far from being delivered. Even Mr. Stead, who would have us believe that the Japanese are paragons of efficiency beyond the dreams of the Anglo-Saxon, mixes up "gods" and men for our admiration, in a way which demonstrates that these "gods" and the everyday Japanese are one and the same.

In his arrangement of the book, with its abundant translation of ancient text and ritual, all well indexed, we have just what the volume professes to be—a handbook for the study of Shinto. Our own judgment, after reading and re-reading this work, is that there is nothing to compare with it for the critical study of the primitive conceptions of the Nippon islanders and for the institutional history of the Yamato, or Mikado-clans; while at the same time the southern or Polynesian outlook is almost entirely ignored or neglected by Mr. Aston. The study of the traditions and languages of that great drift of humanity inhabiting peninsular Asia, and Insuline, or island Asia, will yet throw, we are persuaded, much new light on primitive Nippon. We are glad to notice that the French author Revon, in his latest work on Japan, "Le Shinntoisme" (the title is tautological, for the *to* in Shinto has the same force as *ism* in "Buddhism"), has begun an examination of the oceanic side of Japan's most ancient written story.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN LANDSCAPE ART.*

Landscape painting has reached its highest development within but little over a century, and may therefore be considered as a product of our own times. The ancient peoples of Egypt, of Greece, and Rome knew very little of landscape art; nor did the painters of medieval times know much more. The great men of the Renaissance used landscape in their backgrounds, and used it well; but it was always subordinate to the central theme. They painted very few independent landscapes. The landscapes of the Dutch in later days are conventional in treatment, though often very beautiful in color.

It is most interesting to reflect that a simple English painter, Constable, all unknowingly came to be the founder, or at least the earliest inspiration, of the greatest school of landscape art the world has ever known. His latest biographer, Mr. Sturge Henderson, has shown in a very clear and interesting way the sources of Constable's art. The simplicity of the tale adds not a little to its charm. In his life, as in his art, Constable was as simple as Wordsworth. In the themes he chose for his paintings he followed in the footsteps of the poet who wrote of dancing daffodils and of the primrose by the river.

There was in most of Constable's greater works the spirit of homely life upon a farm in Suffolk. There was no exceptional feature in the landscape to make it grand or striking; it was the landscape of home, with great trees and wide skies full of cloud masses, and beneath them spreading meadows and gently sloping hillsides. Almost always there was a farmer coming home with his horses and his hay-wain, or a milkmaid with her cows. Often windmills or watermills formed the central subject; for the artist loved old mills and mill dams, with their slimy posts and brick-work falling to decay, and he himself says that the banks of the Stour, abounding in such scenes, taught him to paint before he even touched a pencil. The painting of landscape was a later development of Constable's work; for he began as a portrait painter, and was fairly successful in that most difficult field of art. Perhaps it was from this work that he gained his knowledge of drawing; but the love of landscape was always predominant in him, and as soon as he could he gave up everything else and devoted himself entirely to the painting of landscapes.

It is a very interesting fact that the homely

* CONSTABLE. By T. Sturge Henderson. Illustrated. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Constable, and not the brilliant Turner, his contemporary, influenced the French masters. It was his "Hay Wain," which was shown at the Salon in Paris in 1824, that made a sensation and "created a division in the school of landscape painters in France." Mr. Ruskin is not pleased with the drawing of Constable nor does he greatly like his color; whereas he lauds Turner to the skies. Nevertheless, Millet, perhaps the greatest of the Barbizon school, follows Constable closely in many ways; for he too was a lover of the home, and he cared for his peasants of Normandy or of Barbizon just as Constable loved his Suffolk farmers. The value of the sky in landscape was deeply appreciated by Constable, and he was always studying clouds in their ever-varying aspects. In Millet's "Angelus" the sky has nearly as much to do with the marvellous power of the picture as the peasants themselves praying with bowed heads.

The Frenchmen who found inspiration in Constable's works had a far better technique than he, for there was no Ecole des Beaux Arts in England. It was not in technique, but in thought and purpose, that the simple English master so deeply impressed the painters of the school of 1830, who produced the greatest landscapes the world had yet known; and in these simple qualities are to be found the fascination and charm of Constable's life and of his pictures. He was not successful in marine painting, although he attempted such subjects at times. He was ill at ease with the vastness and grandeur of the ocean, because he did not know the sea as he knew the skies and clouds, and the far-reaching meadows and downs of his home-land. He painted well only what was familiar to him in his home-life, and here he found subjects great enough to tax the utmost resources of his art.

But little more than half of Mr. Henderson's book is devoted to the life of Constable and the painting of his pictures. In the latter part the author gives some very interesting accounts of the Lucas Mezzotints, those famous reproductions of some of the greatest of Constable's works. He also speaks at length of the artist's lectures on art, which are interesting but not far-reaching in their influence. Few artists are great lecturers, and Constable was no exception to the general rule. He should never have attempted to criticize Italian art, which he knew only through reproductions. He was somewhat witty at times, and rather caustic in his criticisms,—indeed, he was accused of being ill-natured, but on the whole this accusation is not borne out by the facts.

In the tenth chapter of the book, Constable's

influence upon landscape painting is most justly and truly set forth, especially in the part which deals with his influence upon the French school. The author says that Constable's appeal to the French artists was that of naturalism, which was unique in two respects. Constable fearlessly adopted "unpicturesque" localities as subjects for his pictures. He also adopted "fresh, bright color, which, though the French had admired it in the work of the English water colorists, they had not attempted to emulate in what they considered more serious painting." More than this, as the author tells us, "Men of more imaginative temperament might find in the plains and hills of their native land sentiments other than those that he had found; but it was he who had indicated the source from which their inspiration was to be drawn, and pointed them the way to a new kingdom."

The fact is worth noting that Ruskin made the same criticism on Constable that the French critics made of Millet—that his tastes were "low." It is strange that the great poet-critic of England should have thus spoken of Constable's art. It is equally strange that the learned critics of France should in the same words have condemned Millet's work. In the light of a new day for landscape art, the "low" has been illuminated by the light of genius and has become "high" indeed. This result is simply a tardy appreciation of truth, which in art, as everywhere else, must prevail over artifice.

The beautiful simplicity of Constable's life and art are admirably expressed in this book, and those who read it carefully will learn much more than they have known before about the simple and homely but great English master, and how his simplicity and truthfulness prevailed in inspiring the greatest landscape art the world has ever known. **WALTER CRANSTON LARNED.**

STUDIES OF THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM.*

One of the most interesting social and economic phenomena of the past four or five years has been the enormous increase in immigration from European countries to the United States. The latest annual report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration shows that during the

* *IMMIGRATION AND ITS EFFECTS UPON THE UNITED STATES.* By Prescott F. Hall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE PROBLEM OF THE IMMIGRANT. By James Davenport Whelpley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE RUSSIAN JEW IN THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Charles S. Bernheimer, Ph.D. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

THE JEWS IN AMERICA. By Dr. Madison C. Peters. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, considerably over a million men, women, and children of foreign birth landed at our ports with the intention of becoming residents, for a longer or a shorter time, among us. This is the first time that the million mark has been passed and the dubious record has created no little alarm in the minds of many people. The mere fact of numbers, however, is not the serious thing. A survey of the statistics of the subject, running back seventy or eighty years, will show that the volume of immigration exhibits a decided tendency to periodic swells and depressions, from which it is but fair to surmise that we are now just passing over the crest of an immigration wave and may expect a corresponding falling off within a few years. But even if the present remarkable rate of increase should be maintained indefinitely the important thing would still not be the number, but rather the quality, of the new-comers. During the past two or three decades there has been a striking change in this latter respect. The peoples who come to us now are not so much those from northern and western as those from southern and eastern Europe,—Russian Jews, Slavs, and Italians instead of Germans, Scandinavians, and British. The full effects of this shift cannot at present be foreseen. Certain it is that morally, mentally, and materially the elements which now dominate are on the whole of an inferior type, and there can be no denying that their coming brings upon the country several pretty clearly defined, though by no means necessarily fatal, dangers. On the other hand, we receive no considerable class of aliens that can be demonstrated to be lacking in capacity for development, and the fundamental test ought always to be not so much what the immigrant is when he lands at our ports as what he shows an aptitude for becoming.

The problem of the immigrant is one that has been always with us. If anyone imagines that the alarm now being expressed in many quarters is anything new he need only run back along the whole course of our national history to observe that over and over again the problem of the incoming alien has been deemed just as serious as it is felt to be to-day. At the same time this fact should not become an excuse for indifference. Numbers of immigrants fluctuate and quality changes, so that the old problem is continually developing new aspects, and the whole acquires a cumulative character which gives it an ever larger interest and practical significance for the student and citizen. It is therefore encouraging to note that never before has the subject received

such an amount of discriminating attention and thoroughgoing discussion as during the past twelve months. Not, for example, since the days of Chinese exclusion legislation has a president spoken upon it so fully or so explicitly as has President Roosevelt in his last two annual messages to Congress; never before has such a body as the National Civic Federation devoted a three days' meeting exclusively to the discussion of it; and never has the past year's output of literature upon it been approached in either quantity or quality. Not only has immigration been treated from widely varying points of view in many of our best periodicals, but the year has seen the publication of the first noteworthy book on the subject since the appearance of Professor Mayo-Smith's "Emigration and Immigration" in 1890,—and indeed not one book but several.

First of all may be mentioned the general treatise by Mr. Prescott F. Hall entitled "Immigration and its Effects upon the United States." This volume is the first in a promising series on "American Public Problems" which Messrs. Holt & Company announce under the editorship of Dr. Ralph Curtis Ringwalt. As Secretary of the Immigration Restriction League in recent years Mr. Hall has had both occasion and opportunity to study the immigration movement in all its essential phases and processes. The volume which he has written embodies the results of his observations, and is intended to be, not an attempt at an exhaustive discussion, but simply a handbook presenting in convenient form the salient facts concerning the extent, character, and effects of our immigration to-day. Pretty nearly every conceivable aspect of the subject is touched upon, with the inevitable result that the rule of the strictest brevity becomes inexorable. At the same time the book reads well, and one is struck by the author's skill in condensation where the temptation to more or less diffuse writing must have been very great.

In many ways the most valuable portion of Mr. Hall's volume is that which deals with the important topic of immigration legislation. After a careful presentation of the history of such legislation an inquiry is made into the effects of our present restrictive laws and the need of new enactments to meet new conditions which have arisen in late years. It is clearly shown, as anybody may easily find out for himself by a little investigation, that the laws which we now have are constantly being violated with impunity by interested parties in both Europe and America, and this through no fault of the officials who are charged with the work of inspection at our ports,

but wholly because of the ingenious and semi-secret devices employed by transportation agents, controllers of labor, and local European authorities to bring undesirable aliens into the United States by fraud and deception. Mr. Hall, while not an advocate of radical restrictive measures, believes firmly nevertheless that it is obligatory upon Congress to strengthen our exclusion laws at an early date, at least by so much as will make it possible to keep out persons belonging to the ten or more classes already legally debarred.

In his "Problem of the Immigrant" Mr. James Davenport Whelpley has given us a volume which is so obviously useful that the wonder is we have been compelled to wait so long for something of its kind. Realizing that immigration has generally been contemplated far too exclusively from its American side, Mr. Whelpley some time ago undertook the more difficult task of investigating the causes and nature of the phenomenon in the European countries which are the chief origins of our alien influx. During the course of the year spent at this task, in thirteen different countries, it became necessary to ascertain what are the precise laws of the various nations regulating the admission and settlement of immigrants. We may well believe the author when he tells us that it was found very difficult to get together the data required, particularly as the statutes, decrees, and ordinances dealing with the subject are almost invariably scattered and fragmentary. The task seems, however, to have been accomplished admirably, and it is the results of this investigation, in the main, that Mr. Whelpley has given us in his book. Fourteen nations (including the United States) are dealt with one by one, and the plan in each case is to give a brief sketch of the conditions prevailing respecting immigration and to follow this with a translation of the laws now in force on the subject. The volume thus becomes a most convenient handbook for reference, supplying the student with a mass of materials not elsewhere available in one language or in any sort of connected form.

Two of Mr. Whelpley's chapters are in the nature of general discussion. One of these, re-published from "The North American Review," affords a very useful summary of the immigration and emigration laws of Europe, with some exposition of the spirit in which they are administered. The other, which originally appeared as an article in "The Fortnightly Review," exploits the author's conception of immigration as an international affair calling for concerted international action. The interesting thesis is laid down that

"to police the world for the purpose of putting a wholesome restraint upon emigration is within the power — even now within the line of duty — of the greater nations." The author urges that a binding international agreement should be entered into as the most certain means of encouraging a high standard of admission for immigrants, preventing the spread of disease from one country to another, checking undue activity on the part of transportation agents, compelling each nation to assume responsibility for the care of its own defectives and delinquents, and inducing the amelioration of political or economic wrongs which operate in certain countries to stimulate an undue amount of emigration. The idea is an attractive one, and as time goes on it bids fair to assume a more practical character than it may appear at present to possess. It is at least significant that, among other things in connection with immigration reform, President Roosevelt in his last annual message declared himself in favor of an international conference to deal with the immigration question, which he agrees "has now more than a national significance."

Happily for the student of social problems we are at last beginning to have exhaustive first-hand treatises on specific immigration topics. The best of these which has yet appeared is "The Russian Jew in the United States," planned and edited by Dr. Charles S. Bernheimer. The volume opens with three illuminating essays,— one on "Elements of the Jewish Population of the United States," by Henrietta Szold, another on "The Jew in Russia" by Peter Wiernik, and a third on "The Russian Jew in the United States" by Abraham Cahan. All are written out of a wealth of precise information and, though deeply sympathetic, exhibit a perfectly sane and fair-minded spirit. By far the most valuable portion of Dr. Bernheimer's book, however, is a series of studies on the condition of the Jewish immigrant population in the three great urban centres of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. These have been prepared by men and women whose practical knowledge and experience give them a rare degree of authority. The topics treated in connection with the Jewish population of each of the three cities are varied and comprehensive, embracing economic and industrial conditions, religious activity, philanthropy, educational influences, amusements and social life, politics, health and sanitation, law and litigation, and geographical distribution. There is likewise an interesting account of the rural settlements which have been established by Jews in many parts of the country; also a fairly full bibliography. Now

that the United States has come to possess the third largest Jewish population among the nations of the world, the publication of such a body of investigations ought to be hailed as a real service by everyone concerned with our country's tasks and fortunes.

In his little volume entitled "The Jews in America" Dr. Madison C. Peters has given us a readable but superficial sketch of the part which the Jews have had in the development of the United States from colonial times until the present. In war, politics, diplomacy, finance, letters, art, and science the American Jew has taken an indisputably high place, and it is much to be regretted that the recent celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Jewish settlement on this side the Atlantic has not called forth a book more worthy of the subject, — one in which we might indeed find sympathetic appreciation but less of a disposition to glorify indiscriminately. Aside from the very brief chapters on the characteristics of the Jews as a people and the prevalence of anti-semitism in America, what we have in Dr. Peters's book is little more than an enumeration of two or three hundred men of Hebrew race who have contributed in some marked way to our national life, together with paragraphs of a general nature emphasizing their services. The results are so interesting that one cannot but wish that the work had been more thoroughly done.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.*

Dr. James Phinney Baxter had already added so materially, and effectively, to our knowledge of the exploration and early history of the North Atlantic coast of America, that one was predisposed to welcome favorably his latest, and in some respects most ambitious, work, on the voyages of Jacques Cartier to the St. Lawrence. A careful reading of the book serves to confirm the first impression. Dr. Baxter has given us what may almost be regarded as the last word on the great navigator of St. Malo. His work is authoritative. It shows on every page the results of close and scholarly study of the original documents; and it throws not a little new light on the moot points of the narratives of the several voyages. Inevitably, his conclusions will not be acceptable to everyone. Historians and histor-

* A MEMOIR OF JACQUES CARTIER, Sieur de Limoilou; his Voyages to the St. Lawrence; a Bibliography and a facsimile of the manuscript of 1534, with annotations, etc. By James Phinney Baxter, A.M. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

ical students have their full share of human nature; they never have seen, and never will see, all alike. But both they and the less critical, though not always less discerning, "general reader" must be grateful for such a real addition to the sum of human knowledge as a volume of this kind represents.

Dr. Baxter introduces his work with a scholarly memoir, in which are gathered together the scanty details of Cartier's life. As with so many of the world's great explorers, very little is known of Jacques Cartier beyond what may be gathered from the narratives of his several voyages. Even the year of his birth has been in dispute, though it is now generally accepted as 1491. About the only light that the records of his native town throw upon his early life is that afforded by the *Registres de l'état civil*, in which his name appears in connection with no less than fifty-three baptisms, in twenty-seven of which he acted as godfather. This, as Dr. Baxter says, affords striking evidence of the high esteem in which Cartier was held by the people of his native town. In the St. Malo of the sixteenth century a baptism was an event of some importance, and the man who was twenty-seven times honored with the responsible position of godfather must indeed have been a universal favorite.

At the age of twenty-eight Cartier married Catherine, daughter of Jacques des Granches, high constable of St. Malo. He was already a man of mark in his town, having won the title of master pilot. Dr. Baxter conjectures that he had even now taken part in some of the fishing voyages to the far-away shores of the New World, gaining thereby that skill in navigation which he afterward so signalized exhibited.

Of the fifteen years of Cartier's life between his marriage and the voyage of 1534, even less is known, if possible, than of the years of his youth and early manhood. From the frequent mention of Brazil in his Voyages, it is believed that he must have visited South America during this period, probably with one or more of the Portuguese expeditions; a supposition which is supported by the fact that in 1528 his wife stood sponsor for a "Catherine de Brezil," a young native believed to have been brought by Cartier from that country on one of his voyages. It is also noted that Cartier frequently acted as Portuguese interpreter at St. Malo.

For many years the only known account of Cartier's first voyage was that contained in Ramusio's great work of 1556, translated a few years later into English by Florio. It was not until 1867 that the original relation turned up,

in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris. This was printed the same year under the title "Relation Originale du Voyage de Jacques Cartier au Canada en 1534." Of the "Relation Originale" Dr. Baxter gives an excellent translation; and, not content with this, adds what to the student will be of still greater interest and service — a photographic copy of the original manuscript. This manuscript bears convincing internal evidence of being a contemporary document. It has even been thought to be the original narrative, in Cartier's own handwriting. To this view Dr. Baxter takes exception, though he does not say on what grounds.

The first published account of the second voyage was the "Bref Récit" of 1545, afterward included by Ramusio in his "Navigationi et Viaggi." Of this voyage there exist at least three contemporary manuscript accounts, all in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Upon a careful comparison of the three manuscripts with the "Bref Récit" Dr. Baxter found that the three manuscripts were substantially the same, but they differed from the "Bref Récit" in a number of important particulars. It seemed desirable therefore to put aside the printed narrative, and translate what appeared to be the best of the three manuscripts. This Dr. Baxter has done.

The only account of the third voyage (1540) is that contained in Hakluyt — who also gives an account of each of the previous voyages. This fragment, for it is nothing more, Dr. Baxter has also printed. We find, therefore, in his book a translation of the original manuscript of the first voyage, a translation of the best of the three relations of the second, and the only known account of the third. The text of these three narratives he has enriched with copious notes, the result of a close study of all the evidence available.

As to Cartier's alleged fourth voyage, Dr. Baxter has this to say:

"That he made a fourth voyage to Canada to bring back Roberval, although no account of such a voyage has been preserved, has been thought probable by a report of an Admiralty Commission appointed on the 3rd of April, 1544, to audit his accounts. . . . Roberval and Cartier were summoned to appear before them, and their decision in favour of Cartier was rendered on the 21st of June following. The allowance had been asked by him on account of ships employed in the third voyage, and an additional allowance on account of another vessel employed in a subsequent voyage. A copy of the application made to the Commission has not been preserved, but the report makes it clear what this subsequent voyage was for," i. e., on account of a ship used "for eight months to fetch the said Roberval."

Dr. Baxter is inclined, on the whole, to dis-

credit this fourth voyage, or perhaps rather to regard the claim as "not proven." In this connection it may be mentioned that the Canadian Archivist has lately unearthed at Paris a number of hitherto unknown documents bearing on Cartier and his voyages. Copies have not yet been received from Paris, and it is not possible to say what additional light they may throw on the subject; but if they include anything authentic with regard to the alleged fourth voyage, or filling in the wide gaps in the third voyage, their publication will be eagerly awaited by everyone interested in historical research.

In the French archives, and elsewhere, there exist a number of contemporary documents, bearing more or less directly upon the Cartier voyages. The most important of these Dr. Baxter has translated and added to the narratives. The importance of preserving such documents is emphasized by the fact that many invaluable manuscripts, known at one time to have been in the French archives, have disappeared. It may seem unfair to single out the French archives in this way; but unfortunately, although losses have occurred in the archives of every country, they are as nothing compared to those which the Archives of France have sustained. At the time of the Revolution, cart-loads of these precious records were literally dumped out on the street, to be used for lighting fires. Even so recently as 1815 it is related that an official of the government, desiring room for his secretary, sent a vast collection of ancient manuscripts to "Les épicières de Versailles," and another sold entire files by weight for his private gain. It is probable that many vital documents eagerly sought by historians for years may have been destroyed in this way.

To sum up the contents of Dr. Baxter's very interesting and important work, it includes a scholarly memoir by the editor; complete and accurate translations of the Voyages of 1534, 1535-6, and 1540; a facsimile of the manuscript narrative of the first voyage; Cartier's Vocabulary of the Language of the Natives of Canada; Roberval's Voyage of 1542; the course of Jean Alphonse, Roberval's pilot; a collection of Collateral Documents, translated from the French and Spanish; and a Genealogy of Cartier's family. To these are added a Bibliography, an Itinerary of the Voyages, and an analytical Index.

The work is elaborately illustrated by charts, facsimiles of manuscripts, and reproductions of old plates, — all on Japan paper, splendidly executed. The doubtful portrait of Jacques

Cartier, the original of which hangs in the Hôtel de Ville at St. Malo, is used as a frontispiece.

Of the make-up of the book it would be impossible to speak too highly. It is one to delight the heart of the lover of good books and good book-making. It gives an appropriate setting to one of the really important historical books of the year. **LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.**

RECENT FICTION.*

The capacity for indignation is a fine quality, in literature no less than in life, but the subject upon which it is employed must be one that raises no doubt concerning the moral issues involved. Mr. Upton Sinclair, in his war story of "Manassas," found in the abolitionist movement one of the finest of possible themes, and gave us a singularly forceful embodiment of the passion for righteousness. When, however, he takes for his theme the labor conditions of a great modern industry, and imports into his treatment the same heated methods that were so proper in the treatment of the curse of slavery, we feel that the issue is clouded, and that to produce the impression desired, he must resort to exaggeration and falsification, appeal to narrow prejudice, and have recourse to all manner of sensational expedients. This does not seem to us an unfair statement of what his method has been in "The Jungle," which deals with the packing industries of the Chicago stock yards, and eventually turns out to be an undisguised contribution to the propaganda of socialism. In substance, the book tells the story of a Lithuanian immigrant, from the time of his arrival in America to that of his enrollment in the ranks of socialist agitators. During this time he is employed in various capacities in Packingtown, suffers about every sort of misery that a lively imagination could devise, is brought several times into the clutches of the law, becomes a hobo, a hold-up man, and a politician, after which rake's progress he settles down as one of the avowed enemies of society as it now exists. This scheme permits the author to indulge in a frantic onslaught upon pretty nearly every phase of the present social

order, and he utilizes his opportunities to the utmost. We doubt if much good is to be done by this sort of *ex parte* treatment, however real some of the grievances may be, and assuredly no balanced and intelligent observer will agree in anything like its entirety to this wholesale indictment of industrial and social conditions. It is too obviously colored for effect, too wilfully blind to the many forces for good which are steadily at work counteracting the evils whose existence we readily admit. Mr. Sinclair's horrors are not typical, and his indecencies of speech are not tolerable in any book that has claims to consideration as literature. He has evidently "got up" his case with much pains and ingenuity, but he spoils it by his excess of bias and vehemence. Nor are we willing to admit that a work is a novel in any proper sense which does little more than exhibit a technical familiarity with certain trades, and is forever declaiming against wrongs, real or imagined. In all the essential qualities of good fiction this book is conspicuously lacking. Its figures are puppets, its construction is chaotic, its style is turgid, and its truth is more than half falsehood. Now that the author has relieved his mind, we trust that he will turn again to his war story, and complete the work that was so admirably begun a year or two ago.

"The Quickening," by Mr. Francis Lynde, offers once more the familiar story of the unregenerate country boy and the dainty maiden who becomes for him the one woman in the world, and whom he marries after the inevitable years of misunderstanding. There is also, of course, the usual rival, the youth bred in the refinements of civilization, polished without and corrupt within. The scene is Tennessee, and the time our own, which is a departure from the usual practice of setting the action far enough back to send the hero to the Civil War. It is in the modern industrial war of promoters and capitalists that he wins his spurs instead, but the outcome is to the same general effect. The story is pleasant and genuine.

"The Sage Brush Parson," by "A. B. Ward," is the story of an English dissenting preacher, who feels that he can best accomplish his mission for the saving of souls by deserting his unsympathetic wife, going to America, and establishing himself in a Nevada frontier community. Here he finds material a-plenty for his missionary efforts, and, being a good deal of a man at bottom, he wins the respect of his rough neighbors, and comes to have a strong influence over their lives. They test him in various ways, and he always proves game. The town includes in its population a small group of people of wealth and refinement, one of them being a woman, and her friendship for the preacher becomes the oasis in the desert of his emotional life. We think that she is a widow, although we are never quite able to find out; she thinks that he is unmarried, and discovers her mistake under very tragic circumstances near the close of the book. For the deserted wife appears upon the scene, nags her husband until he wishes that she were dead, and then, in a quarrel, kills herself with their child out of pure spite, knowing that

* **THE JUNGLE.** By Upton Sinclair. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE QUICKENING. By Francis Lynde. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE SAGE BRUSH PARSON. By A. B. Ward. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE SEA MAID. By Ronald Macdonald. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

DOUBLE TROUBLE. Or, Every Hero his Own Villain. By Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE PATRIOTS. The Story of Lee and the Last Hope. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE LAKE. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE HEALERS. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN. By E. F. Benson. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

FISHERS OF MEN. By S. R. Crockett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

his remorse will charge him with blood-guiltiness. It does indeed, for, when accused of murder, he pleads guilty, to the amazement of his friends, and is about to be hanged when the truth is brought to view. There is much strength in this vivid narrative, combined with humor, realistic description, and incisive characterization.

The desert island story seems to be acquiring vogue once more. Its latest variant is "The Sea Maid," by Mr. Ronald Macdonald, which tells how the Dean of Beckminster and his ailing wife sailed for the antipodes in 1883, and for nearly a quarter of a century remained unheard from, and naturally mourned as dead. As a matter of fact, they had been shipwrecked upon an uncharted island, and so contrived to adapt themselves to circumstances that when they are discovered they are found to be leading a reasonably comfortable existence. We hasten to mention that there is a daughter, born upon the island, and now grown to beautiful womanhood without ever having seen other human beings than her parents. This Miranda is the "sea maid" of the title, and when her Ferdinand turns up, the natural consequences follow. His appearance is contrived by a mutiny on board a steamer in the Australian trade, with the marooning of officers and passengers upon the same unknown island, which happens to be conveniently at hand. Here is a piquant situation, and it is developed with ingenious success, albeit with a certain extravagance of humor. For sheer entertainment this story is one of the best of the year, and it is by no means devoid of the qualities that appeal to the literary sense.

The troubles experienced by the hero of "Double Trouble," a story by Mr. Herbert Quick, are of the sort known to the gentleman whose personality alternated between that of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In other words, the story is of a dual personality, told without anything of Stevenson's psychological insight, but nevertheless with a very pretty gift of invention. Florian Amidon, a banker of Hazelhurst, Wisconsin, starts on a journey. He has not got very far when he suddenly and mysteriously becomes somebody else. In his new character, it seems, he is Eugene Brassfield, and with that name he wanders to Bellevale, Pennsylvania, settles down, lives for several years, and becomes a leading citizen. One night, while on his way to New York, he falls out of his berth in the sleeper, and the shock awakens him as Amidon, his existence as Brassfield becoming a complete blank. But his clothes, the papers found in his pockets, and the reception he meets when he reaches New York, all afford convincing evidence that he is Brassfield. One letter, in particular, shows him that he is engaged to marry a girl of Bellevale, who has the most unbounded affection for him. In his perplexity, he consults a pair of hypnotists — a German professor with a lovely daughter — who find that the Brassfield personality emerges when he is put to sleep under their influence. By taking notes of what he says during a succession of these trances, they construct for him an outline of his Brassfield

life and character, and impart the facts to him after he is awakened. Armed with this material, he re-pairs to Bellevale, accompanied by his friends the hypnotists, and with the help of the notes supplied him, tries to fit himself into the existence concerning which his memory has nothing to tell him. The resulting complications are extremely amusing, and keep the reader's interest alert to the end. The story, moreover, has a crisp and animated style that adds greatly to the charm. As for the quotations from imaginary poems that preface the chapters, they are, if anything, more diabolically ingenious than the prose narrative. We can assure the reader of this tale much satisfaction.

One does not like to say unkind things about Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady's romantic fictions, even if he does write far too many of them to write any of them carefully, and even if their appeal is quite obviously made to a rather low level of appreciation. They are nice stories, after all, not devoid of interest, and fairly reeking with wholesome sentiment. The writer has, moreover, a pretty knack of working up his historical argument, and he has really read widely and wisely in American annals. "The Patriots" is a story of the Civil War, having Lee for its historical hero, and a young Confederate officer for its romantic hero. The scenes chiefly described are Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, the struggle in the Wilderness, and the final operations about Richmond. There are two heroines, both charming, and the right one wins the contested object of their common worship. Dr. Brady thinks that a writer at this day need make no apology for extolling the character of that great leader and true-hearted gentleman who so valiantly maintained the last hope of the Confederacy as long as any hope was possible, and we quite agree with him. Barring the one fatal mistake of judgment (or of sympathy) which aligned him with the foes of the Union, the career of Lee earned for him the respect, the admiration, and almost the love, of North no less than of South, and there is no one of us who may not be proud of claiming him as a fellow-countryman.

The story of the priest, to whom the meaning of life is revealed after his vows are taken, and who deserts his calling in response to the imperative mandate of natural instinct, is the story of "The Lake," Mr. George Moore's recently-published novel. The story is anything but a new one, and readily lends itself to sensational and unwholesome treatment. In the present case, the handling is not sensational, but is not altogether free from the charge of unwholesomeness. Father Gogarty is in charge of a poor parish in Connaught, and among his parishioners is a young woman who sins, and is in consequence driven from her home, largely by the sternness of the priest's denunciation of her conduct. Repenting him of his severity upon reflection, he enters into correspondence with the girl, and during the course of this correspondence, he comes to realize that the very vehemence of his accusation had been the outcome of unconscious jealousy, that he had

denounced her more because of the stirrings of love in his own breast than because of horror at what she had done. The greater part of the story is told in the letters which these two exchange, letters which permit the author to discuss not only matters of religion and ethics, but also of art and music. The two never meet again, but the self-searchings evoked by their correspondence determine the priest to abandon his profession and go forth into the world, a man among men. He makes his escape by swimming across the lake one summer night, leaving it to be supposed that he has been drowned, but in reality making his way to a seaport, and embarking for America. Here the story ends. It will be seen that its interest is almost purely psychological, and that the theatre of its action is Father Gogarty's mind rather than the community in which his lot is cast. And although the language is at times appallingly frank, it must be admitted that the spirit of the treatment is in general one of artistic restraint. The style has the simplicity and transparency that betoken the accomplished craftsman in words, and the author's feeling for nature is expressed as admirably as his feeling for art and life. We doubt if Mr. Moore has ever done a better piece of writing.

We have read "The Healers" with mingled delight and exasperation. The Dutchman who writes in English under the style of "Maarten Maartens" has a wealth of wholesome and tender sentiment, a fund of genial observation, and a flow of unfailing humor. These qualities make every one of his books noteworthy, and the latest is no exception to the rule. With all these gifts to lavish upon a novel it seems to us sheer wantonness that he should also make use of the sensational devices conned by such terms as telepathy and clairvoyance, and should even resort to such cheap wonders as planchette-writing and table-tipping. These things are wrought into the very fabric of his new novel and weaken its logical foundations. For a serious purpose underlies the playfulness of this book, a purpose which finds expression in the following proposition: "As a rule, the medical is the least conservative of the professions, for in their utter incertitude and tomfoolery of ineffective nostrums the doctors naturally snatch at any new chance of an accidental success." But the tomfooleries of medicine are highly respectable in comparison with those of popular superstition, which are here put forward as a substitute. We are thus bound to repudiate the book in its would-be serious aspect, and fall back upon the entertaining invention, the acute characterization, and the combined humor and pathos that it offers. The characters are Dutch and English, the scenes Leyden and Paris; there is a curious resemblance to "God's Fool" in the study of the defective child, gradually awakened to a kind of life, as a moral, if not as a thinking, creature.

We must condemn Mr. Benson's "The Angel of Pain" on grounds similar to those that make "The Healers" so ineffective. Here is a story of English life well-proportioned and skilfully told, working

with strength and insight toward a striking consummation, having for its motive the development of the finer qualities of manhood through the ministry of suffering, and keeping, for the most part, a firm grasp upon the realities of life. But into this otherwise sane, although possibly overwrought, narrative there is injected an element of the most fantastic superstition. One of the characters, who has deserted society for the contemplative life, enters into so close a communion with nature that he comes to hear in very truth the shrill notes of Pan's flute, and at last sees the god face to face, only to be crushed to death in his shaggy embrace. This incident is not represented as resulting from a crazed fancy; it is given us as equally credible with incidents of the ordinary sort, and is supported by the evidence of eye-witnesses. Now Mr. Benson does not believe this, or anything like this, to be possible; he has simply spoiled a story of genuine human interest by a reckless indulgence in sensational imaginings. He has done the same sort of thing once before, and if he do not pull himself together in time, he will come near to ruining his hitherto creditable reputation as a minor novelist.

Mr. Crockett's latest invention is something of a novelty. Instead of finding its theme in Scotch Covenanters or Spanish Carlists, it plunges us into the slums of modern Edinburgh, and makes us acquainted with the gentry whose profession is crime, and whose chief object in life is to escape the gallows. We have described a school for the training of thieves that makes the establishment of the late Mr. Fagin seem primitive indeed. We have also a modern Oliver Twist — one "Kid McGhie" — who is an interesting little chap, and who insinuates himself quite closely into our affections. Side by side with this study of the criminal environment, we have depicted the correctives of settlement and reformatory, whereby the story becomes justified in its title, "Fishers of Men." But all these matters do not account for more than half of the varied interests of the story, which also provides us with types and situations belonging to a very different social sphere. Abundance of exciting incident (sometimes close to melodrama), a well-sustained plot, shrewd characterization, and genial humor all combine to make this book one of the most entertaining that Mr. Crockett has ever written.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

An English history of the American Civil War.

A new "History of the Civil War in the United States, 1861-1865," by W. Birkbeck Wood and Major J. E. Edmonds, two English army officers, is published in America by the Messrs. Putnam. The problems of the American Civil War have had, during recent years, special interest for British soldiers; and this volume is, like Colonel Henderson's work on Stonewall Jackson, a result of the scientific study of the

battles and campaigns of that conflict. The Introduction, by Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, makes some statements that lead one to expect more than the authors perhaps intended. They take little notice of politics and diplomacy, of social and economic conditions, but confine their attention strictly to military history. A separate chapter deals with the naval operations of the war. The numerous maps and battle-plans are instructive, but not always accurate. To Americans, the value of the book is to be found mainly in the judgments arrived at by competent critics who are thoroughly impartial on all questions. Their disinterested views on matters of controversy are worthy of the most serious consideration. The deep-lying causes of the war are more clearly seen by them than by those nearer the scene of trouble. "Mason's and Dixon's line," they say, "was something more than an artificial boundary between slavery and emancipation. It had come to be a geographical boundary-line between two separate peoples. The character, institutions, and interests of the North and South were as different as those of any two neighboring nations." Leaders and policies of each side come in for moderate criticism. Lincoln is criticised for interfering with his generals for political purposes; Davis, for allowing his own views on military matters to embarrass the operations of his generals. Throughout the book, emphasis is laid upon the mistake of Davis in insisting on a strictly defensive fight while waiting for foreign recognition. A defensive policy prolonged the agony; it could not win the war. On the other hand, the Washington government feared too much for the safety of the capitol, and this gave the Confederates the opportunity to defend Richmond by demonstrations in the far-away valley of the Shenandoah. The Confederates are commended for the way in which their leaders co-operated with one another, in sharp contrast with the jealousy among the Federal commanders; but they are condemned for their too defensive policy, for their neglect of their western frontier, and for placing too many men, who were afterwards captured, in the fortresses guarding the rivers. The estimates of the leading generals are fair enough. Lee and Jackson are the great military figures of the war; next come McClellan, Grant, and Sherman; the two Johnsons and Stuart are not so important, the authors think, as the Southerners consider them; Halleck was a fraud; Longstreet is pronounced slow; and the opinion is ventured that had Jackson been with Lee at Gettysburg, they would have won. The decisive factor of the war was the Union Navy, which blockaded the coast and broke the Confederate lines along the rivers. The authors are mistaken in saying that the Abolitionists gave Lincoln an enthusiastic support and "supplied the Northern armies with their best soldiers." The work contains no new material, it makes little use of the official records, and it shows nothing striking as to arrangement or presentation; but it is a useful condensation of the best military histories and is illuminated by much judicious comment.

Letters chiefly from Spain.

Lockhart, never prodigal of praise, once characterized Richard Ford's guidebook to Spain (in its original voluminous form) as "the work of a most superior workman, — master of more tools than almost any one in these days pretends to handle"; and in its pages he found "keen observation and sterling sense with learning à la Burton and pleasantry à la Montaigne." Thus one would expect "The Letters of Richard Ford" (Dutton), as edited and annotated by Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, to furnish some good reading; and the expectation is not disappointed. Living and travelling in Spain from 1830 to 1833, Ford wrote frequent letters to his friend, Henry Unwin Addington, then British Minister at the Court of Madrid, and he continued the correspondence after his return to England. These letters, carefully treasured by Addington, have recently come into the possession of the writer's widow, and are now published at her desire. The Torrijos insurrection and other political and military disquietudes helped to make Ford's stay in Spain an eventful one. A summer and autumn were spent by him and his family as tenants of a small part of the Alhambra, whence letters of a picturesque quality were despatched to his friend in Madrid. Returning to his more permanent quarters at Seville, Ford thus describes the difficulties and dangers of the journey: "We have at length arrived here safely, God be praised! through the deepest ploughed fields, worst *Ventas*, and stoutest gangs of robbers in all Spain. We have been six mortal days on the journey, doing some 36 leagues at an expense of 6000 or 7000 reals, having fed 29 persons every night, ravenous wolves who never ate before and probably never will again unless some *Milor* or *Embajador* should make that journey . . ." The letters show their writer to have been something of a connoisseur in feminine beauty. It may be added in passing that he thrice, in a comparatively short life, bent his neck to the matrimonial yoke. The letters from England, after his return home, describe with vivacity and wit his literary pursuits, which were chiefly in the way of writing reviews and special articles for the "Quarterly," the "Edinburgh," and other prominent journals. Five years were devoted, intermittently, to his Spanish guidebook. The illustrations accompanying these letters are from sketches, drawings, and paintings, but not from Ford's hand though he was no contemptible draughtsman. They are interesting, and not merely decorative. Two Alhambra drawings by the first Mrs. Ford are especially pleasing. On the title-page is printed, after Ford's name, "1797 — 1858," although both the editor and other authorities give his birth-year as 1796.

A disentangler of the secret of the Totem.

Mr. Andrew Lang's versatility is no longer a matter of surprise. Of his many fields of enterprise, the one most frequently cultivated leads him into the interesting domain of the early psychology of man. In his latest venture, the quest is for "The Secret of the Totem" (Longmans), a perplexing quarry

with mysterious haunts. Mr. Lang's methods are the sturdy ones held in high esteem by the Anglo-Saxon mind, quite aptly described as an exalted common-sense. Penetration is no adequate substitute for thoroughness; but it is the better half of what should be a joint equipment for the chase. Whatever the totem comes to mean in more elaborately organized communities, its simpler status is a tribal relationship, with its fundamental service in the regulation of the eligibility of marriages between near of kin. It is a totem-kin at all events, — however variable a relation that term may cover. The next query relates to the primitive condition of man before this type of marriage-restriction was instituted: whether of large promiscuous herds, or of small unit groups ruled by one or a few male patriarchs. Mr. Lang, with Darwin and many others, adheres to the last named supposition. Somehow from this relation there developed a system in which the men of one group could take as wives only those of another; and the designation of each was that of the animal to whose totem each belonged. The name is ever a potent influence in savage psychology, and animals are held in high esteem; but the institution prompted the name, not the converse. Why animal names were chosen is no more of a mystery than that we still speak of the inhabitants of three adjoining states as Badgers, Gophers, and Wolverines. In opposition to the view that the totem marriage-restriction was either a moral one or an innate response to the dangers of in-breeding, Mr. Lang posits it as an outgrowth of the necessity of the young males to look elsewhere for partners, and of coming to look in convenient or preferred tribes. The rest of the associations with the custom, as well as the complex group of tales and rites and beliefs that attach to the relation, grow naturally out of the psychological habits of primitive man. There is more to the theory than this; and its application to the facts, and its accounting for the exceptions and crossing with other customs, make the whole an intricate tale upon which the author of "The Disentanglers" has spent his customary ingenuity.

Two new books on Mary Stuart. The unhappy life and tragic death of Mary Queen of Scots are a perennial source of literary and romantic as well as of historic interest. The past year adds to the already long list two new biographies. One of these, written by Mr. A. H. Millar and imported by the Messrs. Scribner, is best characterized by the concluding sentence of the preface: "To explain fully the conditions under which her life was passed is not possible within limited space, but an honest attempt will here be made to place the events of her chequered career faithfully before the reader, so that he may draw his own conclusions." The book is, in the main, a careful and not too detailed presentation of facts. Regarding the famous Casket Letters, for example, Mr. Lang's conclusion is cited, that "while some portions of the most incriminating letters are genuine, these have been tampered with," and the ad-

ditional important fact is stated that neither Norfolk nor Sir Francis Knollys laid stress upon them. — The second of these biographies, by Miss Hilda T. Skae (published by Lippincott), is less judicial in tone. Referring to the episode just spoken of, we find the statement, "Mary must be prevented from appearing in her own defence. . . . No originals of these documents were asked for; nor, *supposing they had ever existed*, do they appear to have been seen since the date of their *alleged discovery*. . . . The Conferences neither established nor disproved Mary's guilt; but they served the purpose of giving publicity to charges which her detractors were only too interested in spreading." (The italics are the reviewer's.) This is certainly an attempt to bias opinion in Mary's behalf. The full truth, however, will never be known. The student cannot but wonder, sometimes, whether Schiller's poetic insight has not given a fairer appreciation of Mary's character, despite the fact that he dealt with historic material with the utmost freedom and invented the three points upon which the plot of his tragedy turns, than is to be gained by searching the archives and following the devious mazes of political intrigue that determined the career of the beautiful and unhappy queen.

The story of a wayward personality. A distinctly notable contribution to our comprehension of the vicissitudes of personality has been made by Dr. Morton Prince in his story of "The Dissociation of a Personality" (Longmans). Professor James has given a classic description of the manner by which an individual becomes the complex self that he is by the several furtherings and relinquishments of the possible selves that he might have been; and thus the unity of our personality may well be said to be an achievement, however natural a one. The storm and stress period of an impressionable adolescence precipitates these struggles of inner conflict, complicated by outer circumstance. The story of Miss Beauchamp is that of a young woman in whom these several potentialities — conflicting embodiments of a complex and abnormal nature — alternately and interferingly took command and divided the house against itself. The assimilative processes became grouped about several centres with complex relations to one another; and the "eccentric" selves, neglecting and antagonizing the interests, each of the other, gave rise to many a hopeless conflict in the practical arena. The several characters thus selfishly shaping their several fortunes developed such opposed characteristics that Dr. Prince acknowledges the temptation to call his book "The Saint, the Woman, and the Devil." Most startling of all is the revelation that the Miss Beauchamp who sought his professional aid, then a college student whom her friends thought "queer," but yet one of themselves, proved to be but a variant of the original Miss B., who was at last discovered as the rightful heir of this personality disinherited by a violent hysterical attack, and in the end restored to her own, and the several rivals ejected. It takes five hundred pages to disentangle these

threads, and to prove that truth is stranger than fiction, and yet more coherent. This "biographical study in abnormal psychology" is most discerningly portrayed, and is recommended alike for the fascination of the theme and the insight that it affords into the methods by which psychology comes to the aid of practical treatment and diagnosis. Yet the whole story is but the abnormal development, writ large, of what in miniature phase we all recognize as a factor in the genesis of self-expression. By no means the slightest service of the volume will be that of showing the kind of analysis that alone is adequate for an understanding of the waywardness of our wonderfully and fearfully made minds.

The story of a Platonic friendship. A truly Platonic friendship between two boys is related in language so choice and beautiful as almost to smack of preciosity, by Mr. Forrest Reid—a name that has a somewhat pseudonymous look—in his sumptuous little quarto entitled "The Garden God," which is published by Mr. David Nutt of London in a limited edition of 250 copies. The hero of this prose poem is Graham Iddeleigh, who seems to have been early infected with the divine madness described in the "Phaedrus,"—the madness caused by a renewed vision of that supernal beauty wherein the soul revelled in its unembodied state. This madness, finding in Harold Brocklehurst a living embodiment of that faintly remembered beauty, issues in a friendship at once vehemently passionate and absolutely pure. The untimely death of Harold leaves his friend inconsolable; and so the story of their love, told thirty years after by the mourning survivor, is an elegy, though in prose. The memory of the beautiful youth is not to die "without the meed of some melodious tear." We have been assured, by one who is no mean poet himself, that we do poets and their song a grievous wrong if our own soul does not bring to their high imagining as much beauty as they sing. "The Garden God" is emphatically the kind of book to which one must bring a spirit of sympathy, a submission to the tale-teller's magic spell. The friendship described is as transcendently beautiful as that pre-terrestrial loveliness whereof the Platonist has fleeting glimpses, and which the Wordsworth-lover is dimly conscious of as having its dwelling in "the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man." Exactly who or what the garden god is, remains a little vague. One thing at least is certain: it is neither Priapus nor Vertumnus. But lest any attempted explanation should end only in further befogging the question, it shall here be left to the ingenuous reader.

A hero and leader of the Reformation. Balthasar Hubmaier has been heretofore sadly neglected in the biographical literature of the English language relating to the Protestant Reformers of the Sixteenth Century; and of the two published biographies of him, one is in the Bohemian language and the other is in German. The Reverend Dr. Henry

C. Vedder, Professor of Church History in the Crozer Theological Seminary, has laid all students of religious history under obligation to him for his contribution of a life of Hubmaier to the series of "Heroes of the Reformation" (Putnam). The difficulties encountered in the preparation of the book have not been easily overcome, for the bibliography of the subject contains few works in the English language. While not the founder of the sect of Anabaptists, and while himself repudiating that title as recognizing the validity of infant baptism, Hubmaier was the leader of the sect, was recognized as such in his day, and rose to the distinction of being fourth on the list of heretics whose works were placed by the Roman Church on the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," in 1616. He was at one time friendly with the Swiss Reformers, but later engaged in controversial writings with Zwingli. He entered upon his task of reform in 1523, which left only five years of his life for that work, for he suffered martyrdom as a leader of the Anabaptists, by burning, on the 10th of March, 1528. His life of about forty-seven years was wholly spent in Switzerland and in the valley of the Danube, and was lacking in incident; but twenty-six of his writings are extant, and to bring the volume up to the standard size set for the series, an appendix has been added containing his excursus "On the Sword" and his "Hymn,"—the latter both in German and in English translation. With its numerous illustrations the book gives an interesting picture of certain phases of the great Protestant Reformation not to be found elsewhere.

A great reference work of Music and Musicians. The second volume of the new and revised edition of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (Macmillan) amply confirms the promise of the first, which has been reviewed at considerable length in THE DIAL. The amount of new matter contained in these volumes will be apparent when it is considered that in the same alphabetical limits are included 1594 pages, as compared with 950 in the original first and second volumes. All the subjects of general interest and the most important biographies not only have been greatly extended but they are illuminated with more careful analysis and scholarly criticism. The work now comes down to the letter M, and the second volume includes 361 new biographies besides about 100 miscellaneous items. It is gratifying to note the generous space devoted to American musicians. Arthur Foote, Stephen Collins Foster, Patrick S. Gilmore, Frederick Grant Gleason, Leopold Godowsky, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, Asger Hamerik, Hélène Hastreiter, Victor Herbert, Richard Hoffman, Clayton Johns, Edgar S. Kelley, Franz Kneisel, Henry E. Krehbiel, Benjamin J. Lang and his daughter Ruthven, and Charles M. Loeffler, are awarded both generous space and treatment. It will be pleasant to all American musical scholars to find that Stephen Collins Foster, the most distinctive and purely original of all American composers with the possible exception of Billings (the

father of American psalmody, who, it is to be regretted, was not included in the first volume) is properly recognized as deserving a place in the Grove Pantheon; and all Chicagoans will be glad to see that Frederick Grant Gleason has been awarded a similar honor. Mr. Gleason was a musical scholar of great learning and a composer of high ability, whose work will receive ampler recognition in the future than it did while he lived and worked so modestly and sincerely. In any dictionary of this kind there will naturally be some omissions, but they are very few in the new Grove, and no exception can be taken to the scholarly character both of the revised and the new matter.

The love of Venice and its modern charm. When Mr. Horatio F. Brown writes of Venice, we are sure of something good; and his latest work, "In and Around Venice" (Imported by Scribner), justifies all expectations. Although Mr. Brown feels thoroughly the ever-fleeting, ever-varying charm of this wonderful city, unique among all the cities of the world, he does not write simply of its picturesque aspects. He is learned in all the lore of the region, historical, geographical, practical, and artistic. The history he divides into four great periods, — of consolidation, of empire, of entanglement, and of decline. Most brilliant of these, of course, was the second. Then it was that Venice emerged victorious from her struggle for the Eastern empire; then wealth was pouring into her coffers and bringing in the pomp of art, the pageantry of existence, her palace fronts along the Grand Canal, her learned academies, her printing-press, her schools of painting, her regal receptions, the splendor of her state functions, the sumptuousness of private life, — all, in short, that made her what she was, the dazzling pleasure-garden of Europe, the envied of other states. But her greatness and pride led on to her downfall; ceasing to be the mart of Europe, she gradually wasted away till she was but a wreck and hollow show of her former glory. Nevertheless, our own Venice, the Venice of to-day, has a charm all its own; and it is with this that the present work chiefly concerns itself. There are interesting chapters on the old Campanile, both before and since its fall; chapters on each of the two columns which guard the Piazzetta, on Knockers, on Piles and Pile-driving, on Fêtes, etc. The latter half of the book is given to the surrounding country and villages, such as the river Brenta, the Eugenean Hills, and Istria. The illustrations, though not numerous, are very satisfactory, and are in direct relation to the text rather than merely ornamental, as so often is the case in books of this kind.

A romantic island history. Frequenters of Mount Desert, who know it only as a cool and salubrious summer resort on the Atlantic coast, will enjoy reading its quaint traditions and stirring history in the volume entitled "Mount Desert: A History" (Houghton), for which Dr. George E. Street gathered the material, and which, since Dr. Street's death, another enthusiastic Mount Deserter has ed-

ited. A memoir of Dr. Street and the editor's preface give some account of the pains that have been taken to make the history complete and accurate and the illustrations varied and interesting. French explorations, Jesuit settlements, the visits of the Indians who were the earliest settlers to use the island as a summer resort, the warfare between New England and New France, the coming of Tory proprietors, — all make romantic chapters, full of lively interest. With the division of the island into townships, a more prosaic era begins; but Dr. Street has managed to find material for two readable chapters dealing respectively with the life of the farmers and fishermen whose peaceful ownership of the islands was disturbed by the advent of the summer colonies, and with the island's churches. The rapid development of the various summer resorts, from the simple beginnings of the sixties and seventies, is briefly chronicled. The whole history is simply and interestingly told, and is attractively illustrated with artistic views of island scenery and with portraits of explorers and old settlers. There is also an excellent map.

In the world of Chaucer's pilgrims. In "The Canterbury Pilgrimages" (Lippincott) Mr. H. Snowden Ward has sought to accomplish a double purpose: first, to discuss the history of the martyrdom and cult of St. Thomas of Canterbury; secondly, to describe the pilgrims to his shrine and the routes taken by them. His first task is performed in about a third of the book. The volume contains little that is new; but the author tells well the tragic story of Becket, and portrays vividly the pilgrims to his shrine and their diversions, in the form of a running commentary on the Prologue and the framework of the "Canterbury Tales." Some of the etymologies and translations are open to question (e. g., *thumb of gold*, p. 182; *yeddinge*, p. 194); also, may Chaucer be said to have written "an astrolabe" (p. 147)? A large number of good illustrations much enhance the value of the book, which will doubtless serve to make the world of Chaucer's pilgrims more real, especially to the younger readers of to-day.

NOTES.

A second edition of Mr. George Howell's "Labour Legislation, Labour Movements, and Labour Leaders," in two volumes, is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Garden Book of California," by Belle Sumner Angier, and a newly revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Charles Keeler's "Bird Notes Afield" will be published shortly by Messrs. Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco.

Two new volumes, making an even dozen in all, are added by the Messrs. Scribner to their "Beacon" edition of the writings of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. "At Close Range" and "The Wood Fire in No. 3" are the respective titles, and both are collections of short stories.

"Men and Things" is the sub-title of a volume called "Mark Twain's Library of Humor," and published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The contents are selections from the writings of some two score American humor-

ists, and include pieces in both prose and verse. We understand that the "Library" is to include further volumes, although the one now published affords no indication of such an intention.

A reprint of David Low Dodge's "War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ," edited by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, is a recent publication made by Messrs. Ginn & Co. on behalf of the International Union. The original dates from 1812, and was written in protest against the impending war with England.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will issue early in May two books not previously announced. These are "Science and Idealism," by Professor Hugo Münsterberg, being his recent Harvard address at Yale; and a little volume of studies on "The Reading of Shakespeare," by Professor James M. Hoppin of Yale University.

Mr. Bram Stoker's Life of Sir Henry Irving is announced for issue in the autumn by the Macmillan Co. The two volumes will contain many of Irving's letters, and will be illustrated with portraits, stage photographs, etc. Mr. Stoker, who is well known as a novelist, was for twenty-five years one of Mr. Irving's closest personal friends, and accompanied him on all his tours in the capacity of manager.

The following text-books have recently been published by the Macmillan Co.: A two-volume "Course of Study in the Eight Grades," by Dr. Charles A. McMurry; "City Government for Young People," by Mr. Charles Dwight Willard; "The Principles of Oral English," by Messrs. Erastus Palmer and L. Walter Sammis; "Modern English: Book One," by Mr. Henry P. Emerson and Miss Ida C. Bender; "English Grammar for Beginners," by Professor James P. Kinard; "Advanced Algebra," by Professor Arthur Schultze; and "Argumentation and Debate," by Professor Craven Laycock and Robert Leighton Seales.

The anonymous novels, "Calmire" and "Sturmsee," heretofore published by the Messrs. Macmillan, now come to us in new editions with the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. At the same time, there comes the revelation of their authorship, for we are told that they are the work of Mr. Henry Holt. We must congratulate the veteran publisher upon these books, which, as examples of discursive and philosophical fiction, take a very high rank. They discuss, between them, nearly all the major problems of religion and social science, and this with a keenness and sanity deserving of the highest commendation. It is not often that a man shows himself capable of thinking as clearly, and reasoning as intelligently, upon as great a variety of subjects as come within the purview of these two novels.

"Fordham's Personal Narrative of Travels: 1817-1818" is the title of an interesting historical work to be published this spring by the Arthur H. Clark Co. of Cleveland. This hitherto unpublished manuscript, only recently brought to light, was written by an observing young English pioneer and explorer, describing his travels and observations in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Illinois. An introduction and notes are to be furnished by Professor Frederic A. Ogg, of Harvard. The same firm will also issue shortly "Audubon's Western Journal: 1849-1850," recounting an overland journey with a party of gold-seekers from New York to Texas and through Mexico to California. Miss M. R. Audubon and Professor F. H. Hodder have supplied a biography, introduction, and adequate annotation.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 62 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Lincoln: Master of Men. By Alonzo Rothschild. With portraits in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 531. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3. net.

Five Famous French Women. By Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D. Illus. 12mo, pp. 304. Cassell Co. \$2.

Party Leaders of the Time. By Charles Willis Thompson. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 422. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.75 net.

John Witherspoon. By David Walker Woods, Jr., M.A. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 295. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50 net.

Spirit of the Age Series. First vol.: Whistler, by Haldane Macfall; Robert Louis Stevenson, by Eve Blantyre Simpson. Each illus., 12mo. John W. Luce & Co. Per vol., 75 cts. net.

The Story of Princess Des Ursins in Spain. By Constance Hill. New edition; illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 256. "Crown Library." John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

HISTORY.

Old-Time Notes of Pennsylvania: A Connected and Chronological Record of the Commercial, Industrial, and Educational Advancement of Pennsylvania, and the Inner History of all Political Movements since the Adoption of the Constitution of 1837. By A. K. McClure, LL.D. Limited autograph edition; in 2 vols., with portraits, large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. John C. Winston Co. \$8. net.

The Rise of American Nationality, 1811-1819. By Kendric Charles Babcock. With portrait and maps, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 338. "The American Nation." Harper & Brothers. \$2. net.

Ancient Records of Egypt: Historical Documents from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest. Compiled and trans. with commentary by James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. Vol. II., 4to, pp. 428. University of Chicago Press. \$8. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Brief Literary Criticisms. By Richard Holt Hutton; selected from the "Spectator" and edited by Elizabeth M. Roscoe. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, uncut, pp. 417. "Everley Series." Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays. Edited by Beverley Warner, D.D. With portraits, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 268. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.

Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant. By Bernard Shaw. In 2 vols., 12mo, uncut. Brentano's. \$2.50 net.

The Ghost in Hamlet, and Other Essays in Comparative Literature. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. 16mo, pp. 325. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1. net.

Hither and Thither: A Collection of Comments on Books and Bookish Matters. By John Thomson. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 288. George W. Jacobs & Co.

The Study of a Novel. By Selden L. Whitcomb, A.M. 12mo, pp. 331. D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.25.

Old Tales from Rome. By Alice Zimmern. Illus., 12mo, pp. 294. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

In Sun or Shadow. By Louise Morgan Sill. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 226. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 net.

Bahab: A Drama in Three Acts. By Richard Burton. 12mo, uncut, pp. 119. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

Bird and Bough. By John Burroughs. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 70. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1. net.

Songs from the Heart. By Alice Adele Folger. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 59. The Grafton Press. \$1.25 net.

FICTION.

Lady Baltimore. By Owen Wister. Illus., 12mo, pp. 466. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Silas Strong: Emperor of the Woods. By Irving Bacheller. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 340. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

The Evasion. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. 12mo, pp. 415. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The Spoilers. By Rex E. Beach. Illus., 12mo, pp. 314. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

The Patriots: The Story of Lee and the Last Hope. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 348. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

A Motor Car Divorce. By Louise Closser Hale. Illus. in color, etc., 12mo, pp. 319. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Saints in Society. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. 12mo, pp. 423. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
Chatwit, the Man-talk Bird. By Philip Merrill Mighels. Illus., 12mo, pp. 265. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
The Chateau de Montplaisir. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illus., 12mo, pp. 245. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.
The Spur; or, The Bondage of Kin Severne. By G. B. Lancaster. 12mo, pp. 319. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
Cattle Brands: A Collection of Western Camp-Fire Stories. By Andy Adams. 12mo, pp. 316. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
The Castle of Lies. By Arthur Henry Vesey. 12mo, pp. 363. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
The House of Shadows. By Reginald J. Farrer. 12mo, pp. 335. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.
Bob and the Guides. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 351. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
Uncle William, the Man Who Was Shiftless. By Jennie Lee. With frontispiece, 16mo, pp. 298. Century Co. \$1.
In the Shoe String Country: A True Picture of Southern Life. By Frederick Chamberlin. Illus., 12mo, pp. 353. C. M. Clark Publishing Co. \$1.50.
Lady Jim of Curzon Street. By Fergus Hume. 12mo, pp. 519. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
A Woman's Heart: Manuscripts found in the Papers of Katherine Peshconet, and edited by her executor Olive Ransom. 12mo, pp. 232. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
The Lady of the Well. By Eleanor Alexander. 12mo, pp. 328. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.
The Kentuckian: A Tale of Ohio Life in the Early Sixties. By James Ball Naylor. Illus., 12mo, pp. 385. C. M. Clark Publishing Co. \$1.50.
Below the Dead-Lines. By Scott Campbell. Illus., 12mo, pp. 318. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
Their Husbands' Wives. Edited by W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden. 16mo, pp. 181. "Harper's Novelettes." Harper & Brothers. \$1.
Works of F. Hopkinson Smith. "Beacon" Edition. Vol. XI., At Close Range; Vol. XII., The Wood Fire in No. 3. Each illus., 12mo, gilt top. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

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